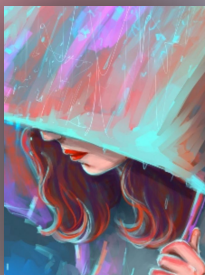




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Chapter 1 by Des

"Eric...." I sighed, peeking through my eyelids. "I don't think this is working. I still cant sleep."
"Its because you're being a skeptic. You have to believe in the process. You have to trust me."
I rolled my eyes and sat up, causing the blankets to pool around me. I'd been awake for 28 hours. I just couldn't find the energy to sleep....Ironic, right?
"I'll just shower and get dressed." I suggested. "What do you want for breakfa--"
"NO! Jen, this works! I promise!" he pulled me back down.
"You can't call me Jen anymore, remember ERIC." I enunciated. "I'm Becca now."
He nodded out of habit to get me to stop talking.

"Okay, okay, okay, okay. Just hear me out... I have nightmares all the time. I mean, you would to if you've seen what I have. Searching for serial killers and psychotic sexual sadists isn't really the job you would 'bring home to mother.' But I do it to protect people. I like to put the bad guys away. Its very rewarding, but it haunts me! I have dreams about serial killers chasing me and dead girls asking me why I didn't help them.... But when I come home, and see you, all of that goes away. I'm able to sleep now because I just force myself to dream about you. You're my escape, Je--Becca. My escape from work, and nightmares, and--"

bzzzzt

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He scrunched up his nose

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"Yeah?" he answered.

"Henweiser escaped the guards again!!" I heard Owen shouting through the speaker.

"You have to move or he'll find you!! He hacked the database, so he knows where you are!!
MOVE NOW!! I'll send a car."

click

Chapter 2 by Tiago Campos



Eric had told me about Henweiser, in the beginning he was arrested for minor things but as time passed, in jail, Henweiser was getting ready. To get revenge. After escaping was arrested for a second time, this time by Eric.

Eric was terrified, I could see it in his face.

"Get ready!" He said nervously as he left the room in a hurry.

We were ready, waiting for our ride. For a few minutes we waited, until Eric said. "Let's go, we don't have time to lose."

We got into his car and as soon as we left his driveway, a black car started chasing us. We didn't know if it was Henweiser, it was dark, but we couldn't risk it. Eric drove as fast as he could, but the car was still on our tail.

"Call Owen, and tell him we need help." Eric said, while giving me his secure phone.

Owen wouldn't answer, perhaps he is dead or maybe just sleeping, I thought in a despaired attempt to clam myself down.

The fact was that we were still being chased and we couldn't run anymore, were too tired. Perhaps facing him was our only chance.

Chapter 3 by -



But wait! There's another option! We can try to hide.

Chapter 4 by Des



"I wish I'd never met you."

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"He's just trying to intimidate me," he said. "I look like a Muslim, but I'm not."

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"IT'S OWENS!" I exclaimed, I know that toupee anywhere! Poor guy is only 32 and experiencing male pattern baldness.

My heart rate declined as "Eric" slowed down and started to pull over.

"Thank God..." he mumbled under his breath.

Owens stopped behind us and opened the back door of his car.

"COME ON GUYS, WE'VE GOTTA MOVE!" He waived us over and we practically ran to his car without even turning ours off.

I hated this. I hated it so much. I hated witness protection, I hated running, I hated the disguises... I just want to go back home. I want to see my brother and my Dad. I wanted to--

"JEN!" Owens shouted, crashing my train of thought. "Hook your seat belt, we're flying low."

I nodded, but was frozen for some reason. Joseph buckled me up and wrapped an arm around me -- I mean...not Joseph... "Eric."

I laid my head on his chest as Owens sped off.

"Jen...." he whispered. "I'm sorry. I'm so sorry I pulled you into this."

"It's not your fault." I responded quickly, shutting my eyes to stop my tears from falling.

"Yes it is. I should've known-- I -- You don't deserve this Jenn." His voice kept breaking. "You deserve better. I wish I could make this all go away, but I cant. I hate to say this, but, part of me...." his voice trailed off.

I sat up and furrowed my eyebrows at him.

"What?" I asked.

"I said, part of me wishes that I'd never met you."

My heart dropped. How could he say something like that?!

Just as I was about to protest, we arrived at the airport and Owens started shouting at us to get out.

My mind froze in that moment... how is this happening? Why is this happening? Where did we go wrong?! What did we ever do to deserve th--

"JEN! GO!!"

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Owen starts the plane while yelling at us to buckle up. Eric starts to sit down and I decide it would be better for both of us if I just pretend to be asleep. I don't want talk to him after what he said.

I could feel the plane lifting off the ground as I acually for the first time in 28 hours drifted off

Chapter 6 by Hailey Thomas



"Hello, lady! Gentleman!"

A crazed, sadistic, terrifying voice filled the tiny plane's system. I woke with a jolt and knew instantly something was wrong. Joseph - "Eric" - tensed. It was Henweiser.

"It's your captain speaking. Seems we've got a change in plans. I apologize for a little TURBULENCE!!"

At that moment, the plane jolted, causing our heads to smash into the wall in front of us. Henweiser laughed psychotically.

Eric never told me exactly why Henweiser was arrested. He simply told me not to fret. Now, defenseless in a tiny metal tube hurling through the air piloted by my husband's archenemy, I was beginning to have an idea about what happened.

"What did you do to Owen? What do you plan to do to us?" Eric shouted to the cockpit.

"Listen." Henweiser practically whispered. "You don't need to know what I did. All you need to care about now is your LIFE! Hey you know, life rhymes with wife..."

Joseph glanced up at me, terrified. He seemed to have forgotten I was sitting next to him. He studied my face with a guilty expression, almost as if he were about to cry.

"Don't hurt her!" Joseph cried, "Please, it's me you want, right? That's all you should care about. Please, she hasn't done anything. Just don't hurt her!"

By now tears were streaming down my face. I knew he would listen to Joseph.

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"It's too late, Joseph," said

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The nose of the plane dove toward the ground.

Chapter 7 by CMAW



In all of the chaos, the sadness, the fear, I felt something. Something so strong that I couldn't ignore it. I just knew I couldn't die like this. My Joseph couldn't die like this.

And that was why I took action.

I hurdled at Henweiser with all of my might, causing him to fall out of his chair. He yelled like mad and tried to get back up, but I punched him in the mouth. I sat down at the captain's seat. Seeing the control wheel in front of me, I pushed it up, causing the plane to stop falling to the ground.

Henweiser came for me again, this time to be tackled by Joseph. He pulled out his gun and shot him in the head. Henweiser smacked to the ground, an angry look still on his face.

I gasped. "Wow," was all I could say.

"Yeah, yeah. Now, we have to get this plane somewhere safe," Joseph said.

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